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EASTERN ARMS.

Murderous Weapons Carried by Everybody in Asian Countries.

All the Year Round.

Almost every one in Hyderabad is armed to the teeth, and the spears, sabers, daggers and pistols, which gleam amid the white and crimson robes, or bristle in sash and turban, convert the entire city into a formidable armory. Bazars filled with deadly weapons brighten dim alley and moldering arcade with the polished steel and burnished brass of a hundred unfamiliar native instruments of attack and defense.

Sheaves of slender Persian rapiers are held in place by the sharp sickles of murderous, double-edged scimitars; and swords with watered blades of fabulous value fence off a jagged heap of pointed "serotis" and crooked "talwars." A strong handle of twisted camel sinew guides the yielding blade of the subtle "jambia," narrowing to a vicious-looking hook; and the turbaned armorer leaves his anvil to show us the needle-like "karoli," minute enough to be concealed in the palm of the hand, and used by distraught lovers to inflict the wounds provoked by jealousy or disappointment.

Spiky "marus" of sharpened black buckshorn, and piercing blades known as "bichwas," or "scorpions," fill a brazen tray, and a bundle of elephant goads, inlaid with ebony and silver, leans against a stack of shining spears. Daggers, curved and straight, rough and smooth, jagged and pointed, show endless possibilities of inflicting every degree of punishment, from a deathblow to a scratch, from the severing of an artery to a puncture deep and deadly, but small enough to defy detection. The muslin turbans of the passing multitudes are thickly set with inlaid daggers and glittering blades.

The merchant who smokes his narghileh among green and purple bales of costly embroidery carries a sharp stiletto behind his ear, and pricks off a list of goods with this warlike instrument. A haughty-looking noble, on a richly-caparisoned elephant, examines the temper of a huge sword which he draws from a jeweled scabbard as he rides on his way; and a money lender, chinking the heavy native rupees into a silver bowl, looks up as a curtained palanquin darkens his doorway and offers the caller a parchment scroll on the shaft of a long knife without rising from his seat.

MAKING PINS.

How the Little Useful Articles Are Made by Machinery.

The Mechanic.

When pins were first invented, some time during the third decade of the sixteenth century, it took one man a whole day to make two dozen, the market price of the day's output being but three shillings. Even as late in the present century as 1838 one pin went through the hands of twelve persons before it was finished and folded away in the little sheet of paper of the regulation green. To-day, however, everything is different in the pin factory, a single machine turning out a stream of the little, neatly-polished, sharp-pointed implements at the rate of two hundred per minute, day and night.

This wonderful little pin-making automaton is not larger than a sewing machine, but it has more invisible knives, springs, sharpeners and pinchers about it than a steam thrasher. The wire from which the pins are made is coiled around a small drum attached to the rear end of the machine, different sizes of wire and pinchers being used for the several varieties of pins. The wire passes from the drum into the machine through a small hole provided for that purpose, being kept straight and taut by a brake on the drum and a series of iron pegs across the platform of the machine. A queer little pair of pinchers—"catchers"—seizes the wire and thrusts it through a hole, where it is held while a small hammer beats a head on the forward end of the wire.

Here it is held until a knife descends and cuts the wire in proper pin length. Next it is allowed to drop into a groove through which the heads cannot pass, and while being held in that position is exposed to the action of a set of small files, which almost instantly give it a smooth, sharp point. The pin is now finished and ready for the polishing tub, which is simply a revolving barrel in which the pins are cleaned and polished by their own friction. After gong through the polishing tub they are boiled in a solution of acid and tin. This latter operation gives them their shining appearance. After going through the acid bath they are accounted as being finished and ready for the market.

BANQUETING WITH LI

A Dinner with China's Premier in the Admiralty Palace.

How a Chinese State Dinner Is Served and How This Great Chinese Duke Honored Secretary Foster.

AMERICAN LADIES PRESENT

Birds' Nests and Sharks' Fins Worth Their Weight in Gold.

Queer Features of Gastronomy—Rat Flesh as a Hair Restorative—Dried Ducks and Pickled Eggs.

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Li Hung Chang has been stripped of his yellow jacket. He has lost his three-eyed peacock feather, and the report has been disseminated that he has been degraded from his high position. Few people in America realize how high his position was and the wonderful pomp with which he has been entertaining his friends at his viceregal capital, Tien-Tsin. The crude ideas that we have concerning the Chinese make us think of them as ignorant, poverty-stricken and barbarous, and few people realize the luxuries with which some of them are surrounded. I cannot better show the real state of the richer classes in China than in describing a banquet which I attended a few months ago in one of Li Hung Chang's palaces. The dining room was as large as that of the White House, and it was gorgeously decorated with golden scrolls, Chinese pictures and bunting. The menu comprised many courses, and hundreds of dishes were served during the feast. The bird's-nest soup for each guest cost, I venture, $5 a plate, with shark fins that were worth their weight in silver, and the Chinese nobles who sat with us were dressed in silks and satins as costly as those worn at our presidential receptions, and we ate with ivory chopsticks tipped with silver. The dinner was given in honor of Gen. John W. Foster, our ex-Secretary of State, who was then on his way round the globe, and who was treated by the Chinese with the same honors which they accorded to Secretary Seward and to General Grant. The most striking of these favors appeared in this banquet.

Chinese custom keeps woman in the background. You seldom meet the wives of the nobility, and at big dinners Chinese ladies are never invited and foreigners are not expected to bring their wives. As soon as Secretary Foster arrived in Tien-Tsin, Li Hung Chang called upon him. He was introduced during his visit to Mrs. Foster and to her nieces, the Misses Orr, who were with Secretary Foster during his tour of the world. The great Viceroy was charmed with the ladies, and when he spoke of the banquet he said he would make a great innovation in Chinese custom, and would ask them to honor him with their presence. Of course, they accepted, and the Viceroy took Mrs. Foster to the table on his arm. The dinner was given at the admiralty palace on the edge of Tien-Tsin, and this was decorated with thousands of Chinese lanterns, and the gardens about it were ablaze with light. All of the streets leading to it shone with red paper lanterns, and upon the sidewalks were companies of Li Hung Chang's famous soldiers, who, with modern rifles, guarded the incoming guests. During the feast, which lasted for hours, some of the finest of the Chinese bands played American airs outside the palace, and the strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia" and "The Star-spangled Banner" floated in through the windows. Toasts were made and responded to by celebrated Chinamen. Secretary Foster talked, through an interpreter, of the good relations which ought to obtain between China and America and Li Hung Chang responded in the same way in a speech full of compliments to the United States. I wish I could describe the dinner.

DIFFICULT OF DESCRIPTION.

It was so different from anything that we have in America that I despair of giving to you an accurate picture. The invitations were on cards larger than one of the pages of our magazines. These cards were of crimson and the invitations were engraved upon them in letters of gold. The Chinese dragon and what I suppose is Li Hung Chang's coat-of-arms were at their head, and under this the words stating that the Viceroy of China, Grand Secretary of State and President of the Imperial Admiralty, requests the honor of my company at dinner in the naval secretariate on Tuesday at 6 p. m. These golden words were bordered with an engraved golden border, and accompanying them was the card of Li Hung Chang, which was as big as a sheet of note paper and as red as the pressed bricks which make up the city of Washington. In going to the dinner I had to have my own Chinese card carried before me by a servant in official livery, and I rode in a blue silk chair borne upon the shoulders of four servants, who were gorgeously dressed up for the occasion, and who charged me, by the way, just $2 in silver for the job.

We passed through court after court of this admiralty palace, and my card was carried in through a crowd of Chinese officials and I was motioned to follow. The Secretary of the Navy met me at the door and then Mr. Tseng Laisun, the old confidential secretary of the Viceroy, took me in hand and led me in to his Excellency's presence. I was in evening dress, but I felt very shabby in comparison with the gorgeously clad men about me. Laisun, for instance, was clad in a silk gown of light blue, lined with the finest of ermine; he had on boots of black silk and his shirt was of the richest yellow satin. A costly sable hat covered his head and valuable rings sparkled upon his long, thin fingers.

He is now sixty-eight years of age, but he speaks the English as well as any American, and, after presenting me to the Viceroy, he took me with him into the banqueting table and gave me descriptions of everything concerning the feast. The other nobles in the rooms through which we passed were dressed fully as gorgeously, and the Viceroy had on his court clothes. On Li Hung Chang's head was a fur cap, the brim of which was rolled up, and the famous three-eyed peacock feather which he has since lost stood out about a foot behind it. The losing of this must be, by the way, a great disappointment to Li. He is the only one outside of the royal family who has been permitted to wear it, and it is the very highest of Chinese decorations. At the banquet he wore a gorgeous yellow gown, light pink pantaloons and heavy black satin boots, with white soles, at least two inches thick. His giant form towered above those of the French, English, German and other diplomats who surrounded him, and as he reached down and took my hand he made me think of a giant. In going out to the dinner he led the way, Secretary Foster and the new French minister following, and, in taking his place at the table, which reached through the center of a room almost as long as the East Room of the White House, he sat in the middle, with Mrs. Foster at his right and with the new French minister at his left. Just across the table sat Secretary Foster. A little further down were the Misses Orr, each of the young ladies being sandwiched between Chinese nobles, and Miss Emily Orr at the left of Lord Li, the Viceroy's son, upon whom she evidently made a great impression.

DRESSES AND THE MENU.

Just here let me give a word about the ladies' dresses. They were nearly as gorgeous as those of their Chinese neighbors. Mrs. Foster shone resplendent in a royal purple miroir velvet coat, white satin vest and red gown; this was decorated with Louise Quinz buttons, and her diamonds were very fine.

Miss Orr was dressed in an embroidered cerise crepe du chine, with chantilli overdress and ruby and diamond ornaments. Miss Martha Orr wore a white silk embroidered with pink roses, a bodice of pink chiffon, and she carried a bouquet of purple and green artificial flowers, which was given her by a son of the Viceroy. Outside of these ladies the only two of their sex who were at the dinner were Mrs. Sheridan P. Reed, the wife of the American consul at Tien-Tsin, who wore a heavily corded black silk, with white antique lace and diamonds, and Mrs. C. D. Tenney, the wife of Professor Tenney, the head of the famous school at Tien-Tsin, where the young Chinese nobles go to learn English.

The Chinese took off their coats as they sat down to the table. Nearly every one of them had a servant in gorgeous livery with him, and these took charge of his clothes and saw that he was especially well waited on during the feast. From time to time these servants would hand to their masters white cloths wrung out of boiling hot water, and the nobles would wipe their lips with these and rub them about over their faces in order to refresh themselves between the courses. Li Hung Chang had two or three servants about him all the time, and these assisted him in eating and in keeping his dress straight. Both the Viceroy and all his Chinese guests had their pipes and cigarettes lit by their servants for them, and inasmuch as the food was served in little bits not larger than an ivory dice, in order to be easily grasped by the ivory chopsticks, they had little else to do but swallow.

There were about fifty guests at the table and both Chinese and foreign dishes were used. By my plate were knives and forks as well as chop sticks, and quite a number of dishes on the bill of fare were foreign. The dinner consisted of twenty-one courses. The menu was engraved in letters of gold on a red card a foot long and about six inches wide. It was printed in both Chinese and English, and was as follows:

Pigeon Eggs Soup.
Fried Fish, Champignon Sauce.
Bird's Nest Soup.
Meat Pie.
Red Shark Fins.
Wild Duck.
Bamboo Shoots.
Fillet and Vegetables.
Stewed Leg of Mutton.
Fungus in Clear Sauce.
Pates de Fois Gras.
Corean Shrimp Dumplings.
Truffled Turkey, Ham, Salad.
Roast Duck.
Asparagus, Butter Sauce.
Fruit Custard.
Chinese Cakes.
Fruit Jelly.
Cousee, etc.
Fruit.
Coffee

CHINESE DELICACIES.

The foreign dishes were served in American plates and the Chinese in exquisite little bowls of the finest porcelain, each holding about a pint of stew or soup. At each plate there were six of the finest cut glasses for wine, and two silver goblets for Chinese liquors. One of these was as big as an egg cup, and the other did not hold much more than a thimble. The first contained samshu or rice wine. This tasted like sherry, and it was served hot. The other contained a liquor made of sorghum. This was as hot as boiling oil. It was the color of amber, and was more stimulating than chartruese. The wines were the regular ones which you find at any foreign dinner, ranging from sherry to champagne. I ate most of the Chinese dishes, and found them not at all bad. The pigeon eggs soup had little yolks of pigeon eggs floating about in it, and the bird's nest soup was served in bowls about the size of a large coffee cup, and needed salt to make it palateable.

This is one of the greatest of Chinese delicacies, and the material from which it is made is, perhaps, the costliest eatable found in the markets of the world. It sells as high as thirty dollars a pound, and China spends hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for it. It is made from the birds' nests of a swallow which is found in caves and damp places of certain islands of the Indian ocean. The nests are of the same shape as those of a chimney swallow, and they are made of seaweed. The bird chews the seaweed and mixes it with its saliva, and the soup is, in fact, made of this saliva. The nests are carefully cleaned, all the feathers and dirt being picked from them. They have to be soaked thoroughly and then boiled until they are tender. They come out the color of transparent white jade stone. They make a sort of a white jelly when they are mixed together. On the top of these shreds of boiled ham are placed and pigeon eggs below. The soup is again boiled, and when served it looks more like angels' food than swallows' spittle. It is said to be very invigorating, and will give a man of sixty the vigor of twenty-five. The shark fins are said to have the same strength-giving properties. They are made of the splinters of the fin of a shark, and are cooked into a soup and are served with a bit of ham. Bamboo shoots are the roots of the bamboo. They taste like cooked nuts, and make you think of white carrots. These Chinese are very fond of all kinds of fungus, and that which was served at this meal was a sort of a jelly-like mushroom.

CHINESE COOKERY.

All of the Chinese dishes were served in such shape that they could be easily taken up with chopsticks. In place of salt each man had a little bowl of Japanese soy into which he dipped his food before eating it. The Chinese consider it barbarous to bring food on the table as we do. They think that everything should be cooked in small pieces, and they stew and boil almost everything. Such meats and vegetables as are fried are first cut up into the shape of hash, and the only pigs which are cooked whole are those which are intended for sacrifices. Even the priests cut these into hash and recook them before eating. An idea seems to prevail among foreigners that the Chinese live on rice and rats. There is no greater mistake in the whole dictionary of errors which are current concerning the Chinese. In the northern part of China, where I have been, the common people are too poor to afford rice, and they live upon millet, wheat and corn. A great deal of bread is consumed, but it is boiled instead of baked, and as to the better classes, they have as many dainties and as good food as we have. The fish of China are among the finest of the world. They have a shad which is fully equal to that of the Potomac, but which has not half so many bones. You can buy quail and snipe and venison in the market here, and I have never seen finer mutton than that furnished by the

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

MAGIC AND ITS ORIGIN

Herrmann Tells How Magicians First Gained Prominence.

Once They Governed the World, and Their Powers Were Thought to Partake of Divine Characteristics.

"BLACK ART" AS A FINE ART

It Has Been Practiced in the East and North from Earliest Time.

The Gradual Progress of Knowledge Has Changed It from a Terror to an Object of Ridicule.

The origin of magic must forever remain as obscure as is the origin of any of the great sciences or studies. To many advanced thinkers the origin of man is much more obscure than the origin of magic.

During a long period of time the world was governed by magic, an art which, as the sublimity of its origin was credited, appeared little less than a participation in the powers of divinity, and which, at the commencement of our era, was even admired by our religious philosophers "as the science which unveils the operations of nature and leads to the completion of celestial powers."

A hundred and fifty years later than the period just mentioned the number of its professors, and still more the worthlessness of the charlatans who made it their trade, held magic up to the contempt of all enlightened men. So much, indeed, was this the case that Philostratus, in his biography of Apollonius of Tyana, asserts with eagerness that his hero was no magician. In resuming its importance, during the darkness of the middle ages, magic became an object of horror and dread, but the progress of knowledge and the dawn of truth in the last and in the present age have again reduced it to an object of ridicule.

The Greeks gave the title of magic to the science in which they had been instructed by the Magi, and they thus established to the founder of that religion the claim of its invention. But, according to Ammianus Marcellinus, Zoroaster had no other merit than that of making considerable additions to the art of magic as it was practiced by the Chaldeans.

In the wars carried on against Ninus by Zoroaster, who was King of Bactria, Arnobeus affirms that on both sides magical arts were employed, in common with more ordinary weapons. The prophets of the Arieni, according to the traditions preserved by his disciples, were subject from the cradle to the persecutions of the magicians, and just before his birth the world teemed with these pretenders to supernatural powers. St. Epiphanius relates that Nimrod, in founding Bactria, established there the sciences of magic and astronomy, the invention of which was subsequently attributed to Zoroaster. Cassieu speaks of a treatise on magic which existed in the fifth century and which is attributed to Ham, the son of Noah. The father of the church just quoted places the commencement of magic and of enchantments as far back as the time of Jared, the fourth from Seth, the son of Adam.

Magic holds a prominent place in the traditions of the Hebrews. The ancient inhabitants of the land of Canaan had incurred the divine wrath by the use of enchantments. The Amalekites, fighting with the Hebrews in their flight from Egypt, and Balaam, besieged in his city by the King of the Ethiopians and subsequently by Moses, alike recurred to magic as a mode of defense. The priests of Egypt were looked upon even in Hindostan as the most subtle of all magicians. Justin relates that Joseph, being carried into Egypt as a slave, acquired there the arts of magic, which enabled him to foresee and avert the horrors of famine, which, without this interposition, must have depopulated that beautiful kingdom.

IN HINDOSTAN.

From the earliest ages magic has obtained the highest consideration in Hindostan. M. Horst establishes the truth that the collection of the Vedas contains many magical writings. He remarks that the laws of Menou, in the code published by Sir William Jones, mention various magical ceremonies, which are permitted to be employed by the Brahmins. There exists also in Hindostan a belief not less ancient, and which likewise prevails in China, that by the practice of certain austerities the penitent acquires an invincible and truly magical power over the elements, men, and even over the powers of heaven. The Hindoo mythology in many places represents penitents dictating laws and inflicting punishments on the Supreme Divinity.

If from the East we carry our inquiry westward and toward the North, we find magic bearing equal marks of ascendency and high antiquity. Under its name, "occult science," it was known to the Druids of Great Britain and those of Gaul.

Odin, as soon as he had founded his religion in Scandinavia, was regarded there as the inventor of magic. Yet how many had preceded him! Voeleurs or Volveurs, priestesses well versed in magic, were associated with the ancient religion which Odin attempted to either destroy or to remodel. The first tales of Saxo Grammaticus are connected with times greatly anterior to the age of Odin. There are few of them that do not contain a display of magical power.

It may be and probably does sound like rank heresy to include many of the most celebrated characters of ancient history in the list of great magicians of the past, but there is not the shadow of a doubt but that Zoroaster, Mohammed, Buddha and other great reformers of their times indulged in miracles, produced by mechanical and other human agents, in order to awe their audiences and increase their followers, and there is indisputable evidence of these individuals having retired behind the plea that their magic power had left them temporarily when confronted with propositions to furnish proof of their powers by giving examples they were unable to perform. On several occasions Zoroaster entered the list with necromancers inimical to his new doctrine. He did not deny their powers, but he surpassed them in performing wonders, and he asserted that while they were executed by the powers of the Dews, emanations of the principle of evil, he established the truths of his assertions by maintaining that he surpassed them only by the aid of the principle of good.

The discovery or invention of gunpowder was the work of Chaldean magicians; the art of foreseeing and foretelling rainstorms and high winds was converted in the eyes of the vulgar into the power of granting rain and favorable winds. The ancients knew and used many so-called modern inventions. Of all the scourges that alarmed men for the preservation of